



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

DELIVERED ON TUESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1914, AT NEW  
YORK, N. Y., AT THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL  
MEETING OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE  
ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BY FELIX E. SCHELLING

---

THE AMERICAN PROFESSOR

---

In the quiet of lovely Venice, some eight months ago, in the calm of a sabbatical year, with the task that I had come to Europe to complete, now fulfilled, and a world within and without at peace, I thought of the future and especially of this evening when I should have my turn to speak to you, my friends and colleagues in the teaching of our modern tongues, my turn to greet you and extend to you all the hand of cordial welcome. I had been in England for months; England, dear to me on many accounts, as the home of the language that we of America speak, the source out of which has come a great world literature, still potent, still vital, the abiding place—when all has been said in detraction and misunderstanding—of justice, of freedom, of ideals, and of hope for the future. I had been, too, in Germany, staunch, proud, orderly and competent Germany, as the guest of an honorable association of scholars, in their celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the German Shakespeare Society. And there I had the honor to convey to that society the greetings and congratulations of our Modern Language Asso-

ciation of America. At Weimar were gathered on that occasion the very flower of German culture and learning, the more especially in these our modern languages, men whose names we all know, whose scholarship we all admire, kindly, gentle, hospitable men, intent to honor the memory of the one world poet who stands pre-eminent above national prejudice and parochial disparagement. And it seemed to me that there was an obvious theme before me, the solidarity of our modern scholarship, the union, harmony, the essential agreement as to the larger issues and purposes of learning which had come to pervade the scholarly world; its unity in the gradual advance towards a better comprehension, not only of the multitudinous subjects of scholarly investigation, but in a clearer understanding of the various methods by which that approach was being conducted, a closer bond, begotten of mutual sympathy, respect, and support. From these dreams, bred of Italian sunshine, respite from labor, and personal content, I have had, like the rest of the world, my rude awakening. Shattered in thin air are my castles, like those of many another dreamer, and we awake to a desolated world, a prey to primitive passions, in brute struggle for the right to live, with civilization a mockery and a delusion, and culture and the fine arts buffeted back a hundred years. There come to me times when I wonder with Mr. Shaw, whether a misinvoked and blasphemed God may not repent him of the misused reason with which he has endowed the human race and, revoking that precious gift, bestow it on some humbler and kindlier animal of his creation.

But despairing themes such as these are not for us, for that way lies madness. There need be here no charges, no defiances nor recriminations. Our books need be neither white books nor grey books nor yellow books. And

God forbid that we shall ever exchange our scholars' gowns for invisible grey or earth-colored khaki. By our own hearth, so to say, brothers all, let us forget, for the nonce, the tempest that is raging without, and chat contentedly of that most pleasant of topics, ourselves, teachers, scholars, investigators, be we what we may, each after his kind and each in his individual function. If I shall seem in any wise admonitory to the young among you and compact of wise saws and modern instances, remember, I beg of you, how long it is since I was of your years. If, on the contrary, I shall seem newfangled and unorthodox to my elders and betters, nothing could more flatter me than the ascription of such opinions to the long continuance of my youth.

A patronizing foreigner once acknowledged to me that American scholarship was far from discreditable. This was after dinner, and my foreign friend was in a benignant mood. Appreciating the sublimity of his condescension, I trust that I seemed, even to him, becomingly grateful. As a matter of fact, American scholarship is really amazingly creditable, when we recognize the conditions under which it flourishes. The American professor is practically the American man of science, as he is still, to a large degree, the American man of letters. He is paid primarily to teach and he is expected to teach more hours for his pay than his colleagues either in England, France, or Germany. If he continues to keep up with his subject and add his quota to its progress, so much the more credit to him; for even yet, in some of our less enlightened colleges, such activities are looked upon askance, as consuming time better spent in the class-room, as impairing the indefinable thing called "efficiency," and as productive of a spirit of discontent. I once inquired of a professor at Cambridge, England, the claim of the university on his

time, and he told me "about twenty lectures a year." Few American professors of equal standing give less than three times that number a month; and what shall we say of the many that labor in the class-room four or five hours a day, taking home the burden of preparation and incessant paper work, not to mention the claims of faculty attendance, committee work, student advice, and what not. We may grant that the very drive of our American professor's life makes for intellectual activity and acts as a spur and exhilaration. Yet can we look for anything but disparity in the quality of scholarly work, carried on under conditions so diverse? Impetus, project, ideals, expectation, all are abundantly ours; elaboration, completeness in detail and thoroughness of treatment,—these things we may confess here among ourselves, that we reach in our scholarly work less habitually than might be desired. It can not but be a matter of regret that almost the last thing that scholarship in America possesses is that quality of leisure that inheres in the original significance of the word. Scholarly leisure permits not only toiling upon a subject, but that quiet preliminary pondering in which are embedded the roots of thoroughness. Leisure allows a natural period of incubation, without artificial heat or the pressure of haste. It is that which gives to work the quality that distinguishes, in scholarship as elsewhere, growth from manufacture, that marks the difference which divides the disinterestedness of the seeker after knowledge from the opportunism of the writer of many books for much immediate recognition.

The effort, haste, and strenuous endeavor of American scholarship is doubtless no more than the logical manifestation of a new temperament, begotten of new climatic and social conditions, and one which time may modify and readjust. A similar contrast with English condi-

tions is notorious in our manner of transacting business (of which it is unnecessary here to speak) and in our mode of education. The young English student is submitted for a period of years to the leisurely influences of culture at Oxford, often deferring his actual study to the long vacations, when the social and athletic activities of college life fall off sufficiently to permit a steady grind with a tutor. We insist on educating our boys all the time; and, even in the seasons of football and of baseball, we cruelly demand attendance on recitations, manning our courses so as to keep all busy (or seemingly busy) and visiting derelictions from the straight and narrow path with academic pains and penalties. We do everything in our American universities for the intellectual feeding of our young men and women save allowing them time for digestion. No wonder it takes some people until middle life to recover from the effects of a college education, and that some never recover at all.

Returning to the American professor, which of you does not know that overworked man? Busy with his lectures, his students, his committees, his preparations for experiment, and his workshop, whatever it may be, all and every day; stealing hours from the night, from recreation, from vacation, when his driven mind demands some relaxation, from holidays, to carry on his search for some philosopher's stone. He has passed the time in life when the acclamation of success can mean much to him, for his best hours have ever been given to others, but his search is always on, for the love of learning is strong within him, and he knows, as few men know, that the true reward of all human endeavor is in the activity, not in the achievement. Such a man is the true investigator, and all honor to him whether he attain discovery or not; for he is in the path of rectitude, as Carlyle might have put it, be out of it

who may. Very different is the type, unhappily not unknown among us, whose food is adulation and the loud applause of men. Take the case of John Payne Collier, the notable English Shakespeare scholar, and forger, alas. Starting in an honorable career and enjoying good fortune in his earlier researches, Collier developed an avidity for praise disproportionate to the possibilities of his subject. The time was one in which many fields still stood un-reaped; these Collier industriously gathered in. Where others had left him only sweepings, he discredited their efforts, to demand for his gleanings the credit of a full harvest. Such a man must make at least one startling discovery a year, and each "discovery" must rise in splendid climax over what has gone before. When he has once broached a theory, he must prove victorious over all whose temerity has dared to impeach it; and if stubborn records deny, they must be wrought to conformity and support. If such a man is really a genius, as Collier was (almost), he may amaze the ignorant again and again, though he make the judicious grieve. If he is less than a genius, it becomes difficult for him to preserve his integrity, and he sacrifices before long his honor as a scholar to his vanity as a man.

Here, in America, despite some approximation to an understanding, it may not be too great an exaggeration to affirm that we are only beginning to know the investigator in pure science or in historical research. We recognize the value of industrial experimentation, and large salaries properly reward the chemist, the engineer, or bacteriologist who labors in the interests of trade. We understand, too, the need of experimentation in peace to maintain effectiveness in war, and we grudge very little—nor dare we now begrudge at all—the continuance of experiments with projectiles that cost the nation the yearly maintenance of five

universities. Experiment in science looking towards the amelioration of health is a nobler species of research, justly recognized among us and highly and generously subsidized; whilst occasionally, as in more than one splendid foundation, known to us all, other subjects—even at times, though not too frequently, literary ones—claim a place, not a little begrudged. None the less, to mention only two examples among those who have gone before, the admirable researches into the history of the Middle Ages by the eminent historian, Henry C. Lea, were provided for out of his own purse, happily a heavy one, and the monumental *New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare* was undertaken by the late Dr. Horace Howard Furness, canny booksellers refusing, at the pecuniary risk of the editor. The man among our contemporary American scholars in English who will be remembered when the rest of us are forgotten—remembered for his additions to the materials concerning the life of Shakespeare and his contemporaries in their traffic with the stage—is expending his own slender capital in a devoted search, now protracted over a period of many years, and not an Association, an Institute, nor a University (save his own in far away Nebraska), will raise a finger to help him. In contrast to all this, it is never very difficult to find the money to fit out an expedition to ascend a new mountain or recover a lost river, to gather loot for the illustration of the *Kultur* of some barbarous race, or to dig up something or other, provided it be sufficiently outlandish and remote.

Indeed, when all has been said in praise and recognition of the fostering hand which some of our captains of industry are extending to the subalterns of science, it can scarcely be denied that American encouragement of scientific investigation remains even now to a large degree erratic and based more on the virtuoso's love of the curious



and the far-fetched than on any genuine apprehension of the needs and true significance of scientific inquiry. Moreover, as always in a plutocracy such as ours, we have as yet somewhat rudimentary conceptions of the relations of the investigator to those who encourage him. The fostering of science by the condescensions of fashion is a thing not unknown in the purlieus of our intellectual life. It was prevalent in England about the time of the Restoration of King Charles; and in France it died out before the Revolution. To see a man, whom two hemispheres have united to honor, explaining the rudiments of paleontology to a bevy of Chicago fair matrons, no one of whom has ever possessed, much less forgotten, knowledge enough to have entered the humblest college, is a sight for the genius of comedy. But the eminent scholar received his subsidy and the ladies were amused at his queer manners and his foreign tongue. Seriously, the mere man of money who supports genuine scientific inquiry or fosters the arts, no matter what his benefactions, embraces a really priceless opportunity. From one of the horde who "add to golden numbers golden numbers,"—if I dare so misapply the lyricist's words—he becomes the abettor of one of the noblest activities of the race and comes to share, by reflection at least, in its intellectual victories. Among the rich men of ancient Rome, Atticus is less remembered than Maecenas. Yet Atticus was by far the richer man. It was Maecenas, not Atticus, that befriended poetry in the person of Horace, and Maecenas lives in the memory of those who revere genius. In this day of imperious money-getting—if that is our end-all and strive-all—it is well to admonish the young: "Be, if you must, a millionaire; but don't be an indistinguishable millionaire."

But let not my words be misunderstood. With the many noble foundations and magnificent charities, educational

and other, for which our country is justly famous, in mind, it would ill become any lover of learning to cast a stone at those whose munificence renders these activities possible. The man of wealth and position who makes these the fulcrum with which to wield the active lever of administration, thus giving himself as well as his wealth, has achieved all that the true patron of learning can achieve; and more besides. In his disinterested love of his fellow-man, his labors and his sacrifices, he stands alike above the man who has merely given, and beyond him whose humbler mission it is to garner wisps in the fully mown fields of knowledge.

The true honors of the investigator are not such as wealth or fashion can bestow. Often his work can be justly appraised only by his peers, and his tardy reward consists in a recognition that he has brought some one stubborn block of knowledge, hewn and fashioned by his cunning hand, to its place in the structure of the temple of wisdom. This may not seem encouraging to some among us who are beginning their careers as scholars, full of ambition for immediate returns, and eager to discount the face value of promise into a cash payment for achievement. But if the true spirit of the investigator be in a man, neither time nor the praises of men will concern him in his quest, and he will find in his work itself a sufficient joy and recompense.

The true investigator in science (like the genuine artist) is the most valuable asset in a civilized nation, to be cherished and encouraged in the highest degree. For not only do such men add to the sum total of the world's knowledge, but they bring renown to the country in which they live, and make, according to the degree of their genius and success, for the uplifting of mankind. To let such a man waste valuable hours over the petty means of subsistence is wasteful beyond description. Something might be said,

in these days of the cry for conservation of our physical resources, for the conservation to nobler purposes of the brains and talents of the nation. A forest will grow somehow, haphazard, if you let it sufficiently alone and do not burn it. So, too, human ambition, the exigencies of the moment, sheer accident, contrive in the struggle of life to keep our intellectual slopes, so to speak, fairly well wooded. But there is much inferior second growth flaunting its insufficiency saucily in the sun, and when some old giant of the forest falls under the axe of time we cannot but deplore our want of thought for the future.

And now as to the professor as teacher. Most people believe that any body can teach. Teaching is an excellent makeshift for youths who are working forward to medicine, law, or the pulpit, or to a fortunate business opening. Teaching is a becoming and altogether proper vocation for young women awaiting the delightful possibilities of matrimony. It has been cited as a reproach to our American education that it is, to a large degree, feminized. (I refuse parenthetically to say whether I regard this as a reproach or not.) And a man of middle life who continues to teach is looked on—often with justice—as one who in all likelihood could scarcely earn a subsistence in any other way.

I remember, some years ago, meeting a keen and clever lawyer at dinner. We had crossed swords on several subjects and, somewhat exhilarated in the process, he said to me: "You seem to me, Sir, to be a man of perhaps as much as average common sense." I naturally thanked him for his blunt compliment, and he continued: "Why don't you leave that dusty University of yours over the river and come down into the city, back to the profession of the law to which you were bred, and live like a man? I note that you do not disdain the good things of life nor

yet the sparkle of its champagne. These are to be had by a man of intelligence in the world; you'll never get them in the cloister." Nor could I convince him that my fine notions about the things of the mind, about service to others, about the inward satisfaction of scholarly activity were not, all of them, perilously near cant.

There are many reasons for this disrepute of the teacher. The life of a mere teacher is narrow and confining. He is apt to magnify his office and, with it, his importance, from his daily habit of converse with those who are younger than himself and less specifically trained. Moreover, there is little to attract the able or ambitious in mere teaching, either in the position and social recognition which this profession is accorded or in the money return which in our country remains, despite some betterment in some quarters, still generally inadequate. In an article of a few years since, the average American male college teacher is rated as a wage-earner with puddlers and Pullman car conductors. How impalpably we may have risen above that standard since that time, I do not know; although we are informed that as late as 1908, "one-third of our degree-giving institutions were paying their full professors an average salary of less than a thousand dollars per annum." And the professor's plight is really worse than this might seem to indicate; for there are demands on his purse which these excellent people of iron and motion do not know; for the professor's very education and status in life demand a higher, and hence a costlier, mode of living. An acquaintance of mine, professor in one of our larger Eastern colleges, kept a list of the "legitimate demands" upon his purse that grew directly out of his position. To say not one word of books, scientific periodicals, and like tools of the trade, there were clubs, national and international, collegiate and intercollegiate,

their meetings, and attendance on them, with traveling expenses and maintenance. To be out of these things was to argue yourself unknown. There were student activities, athletic, dramatic, musical, class organizations, fraternities and what not. To be out of them all was to make yourself unpopular to the degree of impairing your usefulness. There were charities, the hospital, the museum, the college settlement, the students' religious gatherings, an occasional student to help, an occasional colleague or old friend to "accommodate." What had such a man for his own church, or his club, or his political party? For a charity undirected, or for the frank and indiscreet gift of a dollar on the street? My friend calculated that the "legitimate demands" upon his slender purse by reason of his position in the University of Weissnichtwo constituted nearly forty per cent. of his salary. To honor them all was to beggar his family. How he solved the matter, if he solved it at all, nearly anyone of you present can tell.

I do not deny that much has been done to ameliorate former conditions, especially in the retiring pensions which the munificence of Mr. Carnegie has made possible; but there still remains something to be done by the colleges themselves in the restraint not only of superfluous buildings and dictated endowments but in what is often worse, the restraint of supernumerary courses, too often added to the curriculum and to the budget as well, as a stock of new ribbons is added, because the competing tradesman keeps the new kind. I should like to see the American college professor so placed that he might not be compelled, as so frequently now, to dissipate the singleness of his aim in life by the necessity of common outside drudgery to relieve common inward wants; just as I should like to have the dignity and the importance of his position recognized

in other ways, for his sake not alone but for the sake of our colleges and universities, their dignity and usefulness. Whether Professor X or Professor Y receive a larger or a smaller salary is a matter wholly unimportant to anyone save the gentlemen in question and their families. That a large body of competent and intellectual men should be compelled to practice sordid petty economies for their families' sake and take a secondary place in the communities which they are trained to lead, is a public misfortune. On the other hand, I am not insensible of the fact that there could be no greater misfortune to the profession of teaching than to endow it with the glittering pecuniary rewards that attend success in medicine or law. For woe to our profession when it shall attract only because it is well paid. That teacher who does not accept his profession as a trust, in the spirit of unaffected sacrifice, who does not count his real success in his power to influence those about him to an honest pursuit and a genuine love of learning, should seek some employment more congenial to his sordid soul. The great thing about teaching is the humanity of it. The man's the thing and the contact man to man. How often do we who concoct our big and little books and our portentously learned notes and notelets, forget that where the written word may reach its tens the spoken word, if it be sincere, may reach its hundreds, and, radiating through them, its thousands. The fertile thought of the true teacher may germinate a thousand fold, and it is not alone the information imparted, important as that may be, but the spirit, the outlook, the uplift that the true teacher may give the student in whose spirit he may establish a sympathy with his own.

The ideal teacher is as difficult to find as the ideal investigator. The ideal teacher must be competently, never ostentatiously, learned, and he must be as alive as the in-

vestigator to the progress of his subject. He must be hospitable to new ideas, tenacious of the best that have been, and courteous to differences of opinion, though they tread on his most cherished preconceptions. In a word, liberality is the first essential of the ideal teacher, and he will gain for himself the confidence of his students (prime essential to the teaching of anything) by an openness of spirit that entertains the possibility of the discovery of truth even in the most unexpected places. Again, the ideal teacher must be disinterested and forgetful of self. Many a strong personality has been wrecked as a teacher on the rocks of self-esteem. It is a precious piece of impertinence for any man to stand between a class and a great subject; and obscuration and disfigurement in proportion to the bulk of the man's "selfness" (to employ a good Elizabethan word) are sure to follow. On the other hand, nothing interests the student so much as the personal note, if it be unconscious and free from real or affected vanity. The true teacher can dare anything, and with that dangerous two-edged Delphian blade, paradox, confound inattention, lack of interest, and the thousand other lets and hindrances to successful teaching.

But there are other, scarcely lesser virtues that we have a right to demand even of those who we know must fall far short of the ideal. I have never been able to rid myself of an old-fashioned conviction that the instruction of the young should be entrusted to people of gentle manners and an innate disposition to play fair in the game of life. That we have men in the profession of teaching who are examples neither in their lives, their conduct towards their students, nor their grammar is in part referable to the small returns for petty ambition which the office of the teacher holds forth, but more to our habitual failure to distinguish the processes of filling a young mind with infor-

mation, from education in a truer sense. Perhaps this contrast is best expressed in the much abused antithesis between mere education and that cultivation of the whole man which alone really makes for civilization. One may educate a dog, a horse, or a pig; that is, superimpose on the nature of each of these animals a process of action regulated by habit which may produce pretty results. Cultivation is another matter, and some men, like most animals, are impervious to it. Not long ago I met for the first time a man of considerable repute in his own subject. He discussed with grasp and certainty in his own *Fach*, but in the voice of a huckster, passing even grammatical pitfalls at times precariously; and his manners were those of a yokel. That, alas, was an educated man; and his three or four degrees from as many universities, his repute, too, be it acknowledged, as a scholar, attested his education. I am not prepared to say that that man should have been blocked in his Freshman year for his notorious offenses against his own English tongue, but I do deny that his four universities exerted any appreciable influence in the nature of culture upon him. Most happily for the young, this man confines his talents to research.

I have spoken of the investigator and the teacher apart. In truth, there should be no repugnance between them, however the qualifications of one man may lead him to emphasize one of these functions of the scholar above the other. I should like to see every teacher interested in some investigation of his own, thereby keeping his work in the class-room fresh and vitalized by a larger outlook than mere pedagogy can give him; and I should like to feel that there was no investigator in science whose field had become so specialized and remote that he could not on occasion bring it down to the understandings of those in need of his instruction. It is still a moot question as to



whether the teacher gains as much as some have been fain to believe by directions and organized training in how to teach. I note that those who have failed specifically often aspire to lead others to success by means of this fine art of teaching how to teach. In very truth, I confess to a frank mistrust of all the newer parasitic courses, courses which, be their titles whatsoever they may, commonly draw the bulk of their content from history, philosophy, and literature, derived too often superficially at second hand. The best specific for the teacher is a thorough knowledge of his subject, and (almost as important) a clear apprehension of its relations to other subjects. Narrow specialized training may make a man expert; it sometimes unsettles him in his bearings. It is conceivable that for the training of the teacher we might sacrifice somewhat the severity of specialization. It seems unquestionable that gain would come to our graduate schools, if we were frankly to give up the pretence of making every student a specialist and an investigator, and devote the time thus saved, not so much to teaching him how to teach as to preserving in him a greater catholicity of spirit and a larger outlook on things as they are. And yet it is a great deal for any man to know one thing measurably well. To have, so to speak, a background to his subject, to speak out of the fulness of his knowledge and, when he seems to have given all, to have an abundance yet in store.

But the teacher is responsible for more than the character of the knowledge that he imparts. Is it altogether fanciful that the typical Harvard man—may I say it?—is superior (as he has the right to be), blasé, critical, and aristocratic; the Yale man hearty, clannish, and (shall I whisper it?) at times, while an undergraduate, just a bit noisy; the Princeton man—but Princeton is too near a

friend for Pennsylvania to characterize her, and Columbia?—Columbia is our ever gracious host. These distinctions may arise partly from the dominion of brain or the dominion of brawn, occasionally, as in this year, remarkably united; but they can often be found in their ultimate origins in the manners of some favorite teacher or coterie of teachers who through dozens and dozens of unconscious imitations have impressed their personalities on those about them, and created in time an unmistakable air. Even fashions in scholarship seem referable at times to a powerful example. Not to be personal or to mention individual instances known to us all, the researches into Chaucer and the “old English balladry” of the late revered Professor Child of Harvard, if I dare so flippantly designate his masterly scholarship in that interesting field, have now been propagated to many a good purpose—as our present program declares—even unto the third and fourth generation.

It is only out of a university that cherishes the ideals of research that the true scholar can come, for there alone can he find the stimulus that vitalizes the slow process of the accumulation of facts into the exciting pursuit of truth. Example is always more powerful than precept, and the teacher who is known outside the walls of his own college, as a recognized authority in his subject, has a potency within, which his humbler fellows can never hope to win. The time will come when we shall recognize wherein true academic celebrity consists. It is not in the size and diversity of the thing which a certain type of trustees loves to designate largely by that hideous factory-made word, the “plant”; it is not in the beauty of buildings and the charm of a lovely campus, desirable as are all these things. Still less is it in a startling number, novelty, and variety of courses, in swarms of students, easily en-

tered, rarely dismissed, or in the cheap advertisement of athletic prowess, even in sensational discovery or pronouncement in laboratory or lecture room. Academic celebrity, I repeat, lies in the quality of the student as a man and a scholar, and no less essentially in the scholarship that a university begets and fosters. A university whose faculty receives no recognition elsewhere is moribund and out of the race. A university, whose men remain because its atmosphere is favorable to research, gains in every scholar a tongue to tell abroad its fame. In a word, the academic atmosphere can be kept fresh alone in a nice adjustment of the claims of the teacher and the investigator, and no institution can afford to sacrifice either the drawing power of the one or the lifting potency of the other.

The life of an American professor need not be narrow, unless he himself make it so. His mind is constantly in communion with the best that has been gathered from the past, and its treasure-houses are open to him as they are not always open to other men. Nor need he answer to the reproach that the present lies, a closed book, before him; for there are few subjects that American scientific inquiry has not been busy with; precisely as there are few topics—of the streets, of the family as it should and should not be, of criminals and their converse, of the councils of princes in their spread of empire—to which American professorial activity has not confidently extended itself of late. Is it not the American professor who expounds the Nietzschean philosophy and the metaphysics of Bergson, the romantic sentiment of Maeterlinck, and the flamboyant socialism of Shaw? And is it not the American professor—or at least the professor in American occupation—who is even now expounding treaties, explaining racial antipathies, directing diplomacy, and apologising

for the Kaiser? Assuredly the American professor is not, at this moment, shrinking in becoming reticence into the shadow of his class-room; and we are in danger of being heard in some things not too little, but too much.

And now will those of you who are newer comers than I into this exhilarating state of being, forgive me if I have seemed to remind you of too many things that you must long since have found out for yourselves. To return to seriousness, the actual value of any subject lies far less in its contents than in the spirit in which it is approached. He is a rhetorician not a teacher, a sophist not a true lover of wisdom, who seeks popularity in the class-room by the brilliancy of his wit, the startling novelty of his notions, and the cleverness of his delivery. In your own studies, whether you are climbing by circuitous paths the giddy highlands of research or are content modestly "only to teach," pursue your work disinterestedly, loving it for itself and for the wholesome labor which it costs you, not as an asset to be realized on to the enhancement of your next year's salary. If your goal is research, know that there is only one thing really worth while, and that is the truth. And remember that you may happen to "discover" with amazed delight many an object which has long lain along the beaten path of knowledge, "discovered" and delighted in by many who have gone before you. There was wisdom in the world before we were born and some will survive us. And to you who more modestly are satisfied "merely to teach" (if indeed there be any such truly contented man or woman present) know that there is nowhere a more dignified and more sacred trust than that of the teacher. You are needed almost above all other men. If you are a good teacher, you will never receive a salary adequate to your worth. If you are a poor teacher, you will be overpaid at any price. Your rewards will come, not in money, perhaps not in repute,

or even in much recognition; but every man's recompense lies in the satisfaction of his own heart, and to have led honestly, bravely, and competently, to have left some the better for our living in the world, none deprived or misled, surely this is better than a brief day in the sunshine of repute.

The American professor, as I have known him now for many years, is kindly, hard-working, uncomplaining, and unselfish. He is commonly underpaid, though not quite so frequently overrated. He is more liberal than his immediate predecessor of clerical cut, though not nearly so courageous in expressing his convictions; but he fears God, and the President (of his college), and is too magnanimous, for the most part, to take this latter fear out in the discipline of innocent Freshmen. Once in a while he writes—or at least publishes—too many books; more commonly he writes too few. Sometimes he employs his Sabbathical year, if he gets it, to excellent scholarly purpose; he is often too genuinely wearied to do so, or too harassed with cares, not of his own making. He is a self-respecting man, even spirited at times in the defence of his convictions, his right of free speech, and his right of free teaching. But he is protected as yet by no trades union (although I hear that he is at this moment perilously near to it), and therefore at times is silent when he wishes to God that he might speak. He has less confidence in his abilities to run the world than some, not possessed of his special training, have confidence that they can run his department. To the popular impression that he is an impractical man, he gives the lie, by his general competence even in every-day affairs. In short, the American professor is of stuff good enough to make an excellent President of the United States, and even such an Atlas disdains not to become, on the lifting of his heavy load, an American professor.